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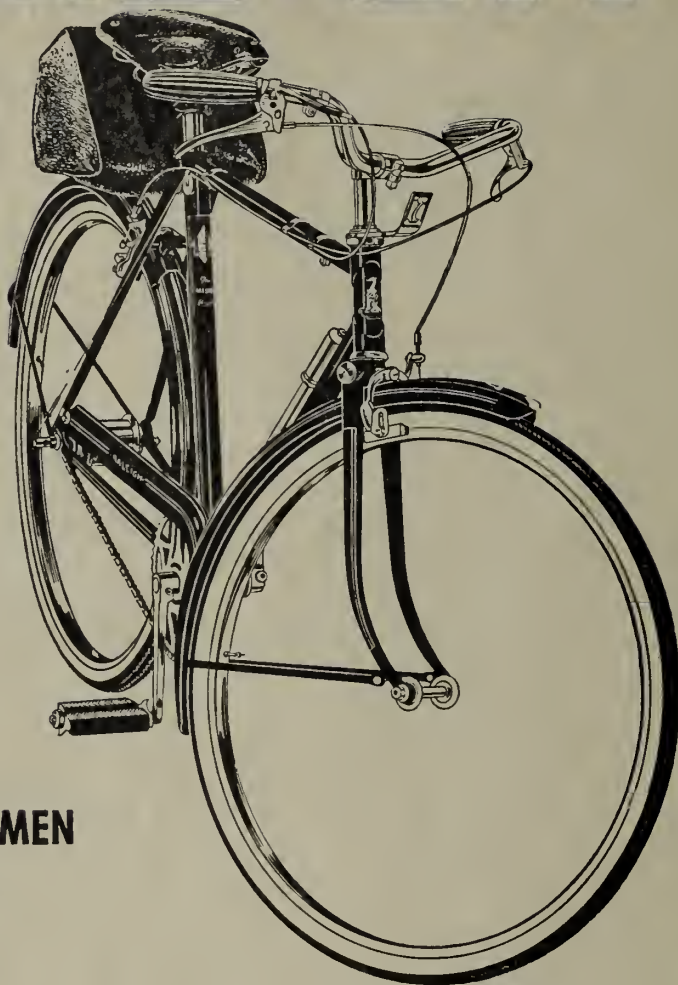
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Winter Issue

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Winter Issue

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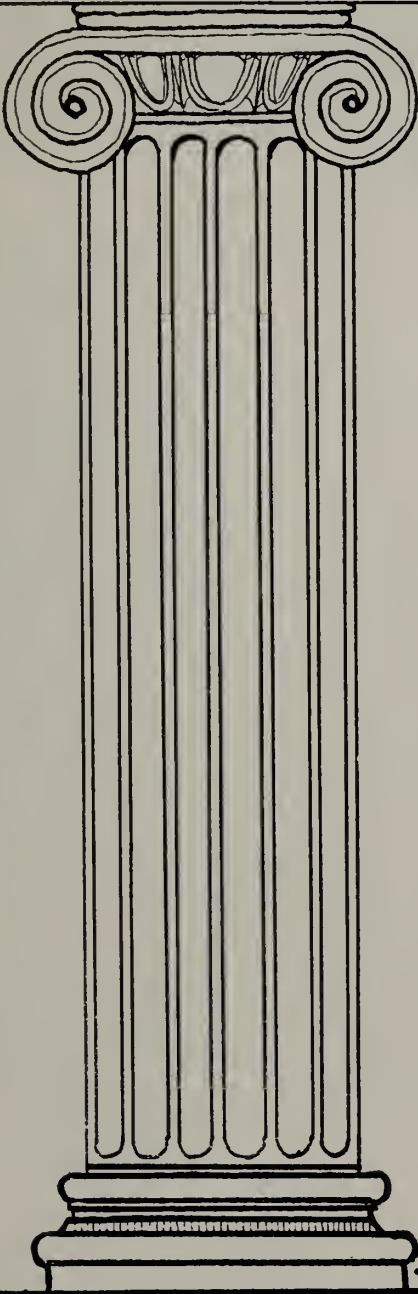
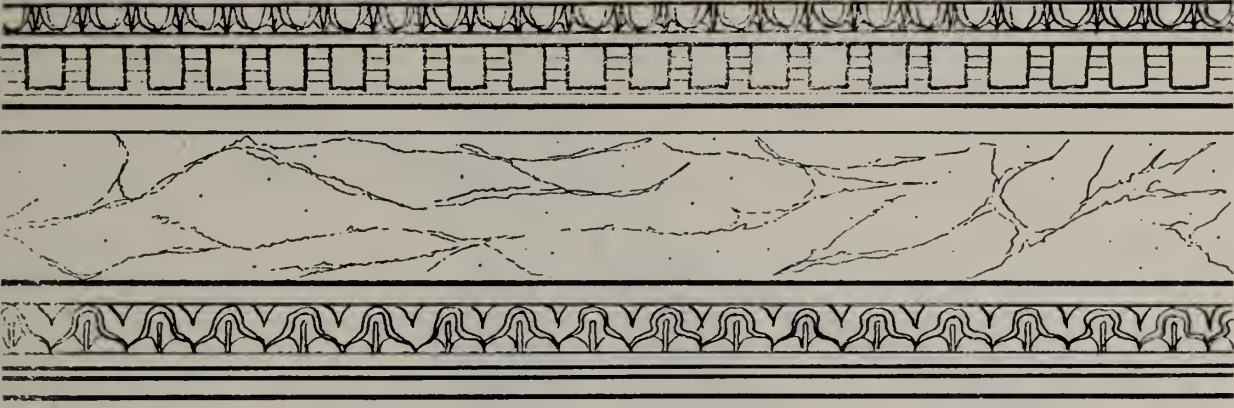
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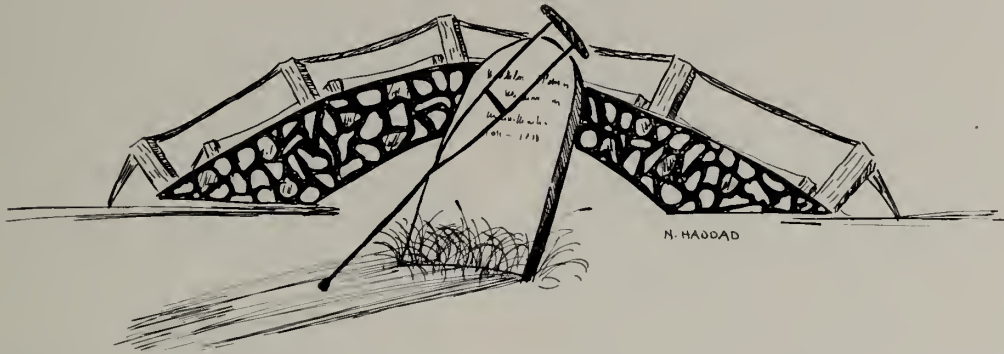
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The Bridge

GUNARS VIKSNINS '62



THE war was over. A soldier felt the road with his oaken crutch, warped and polished with use. Yes, the way home was to the right. Hobbling along on the dirt path, he remembered how often he had gone this way some thirty years ago to carry milk to the village. He extended his crutch to the side and felt it thud against a wooden post. This was the sign that showed the way to the meadow.

Stopping for a moment, he breathed the sweet air. He didn't have to see the trees to tell it was early summer; for there was a fragrance of birch and maple and apple blossoms drying in the sun; he could smell the young grass and clover in the meadow.

Here he turned off the road and felt his way to the cow path leading across the fields to the pine grove. Beyond was the bridge to his village, to his future, to his new sightless life.

He stopped to feel the butter-cups and marguerites that bent daintily across his path. He touched the tender blades of grass and felt their freshness vibrate through his system. A honey bee was humming around his leg and then the buzz faded in the fragrance of clover. He was enveloped in peace. All the horror and death he had left behind the hills, across the sea, in a very distant place. It was so easy now to forget.

He ran as fast as his leg and crutch would let him. Tears of joy came easily to his warm lightless eyes. He rolled in the soft blanket of vegetation and kissed the rich abundant earth. Laughing and crying

at the same time, he sang to the noonday sun that was drawing beads of perspiration to his brow. Exhausted and refreshed, he rested in a spot of warm grass that smelled like the hay in his grandfather's barn.

Driven by expectation and recollection of childhood visions, he went on till he came to the community burial grounds. He felt the timeless granite warmed by the sun and listened to the wind humming a requiem through the poplar trees. A strange sensation of ecstasy trembled through him as he breathed with his whole being the quiet serenity of the place. Time seemed to cease and eternity was but three steps away.

Going up and down the velvet mounds, he touched each monument and ran his fingers across the inscriptions, weeping with every new stone, recalling the friends he had known. The grass was especially soft near one mound and the fragrance of roses and poppies filtered through his sorrow. How strange it is, he thought; flowers that bloom here speak differently to us than the blossoms one finds in the meadow or by the roadside. They give us a secret message from the heart of death's darkness. Untold feelings, buried desires, happiness, sorrow, joy, all blossom from these delicious petals. Reaching for life, yet ignorant of the living, these blossoms speak from a different world. No hands pick them. They serve as no ornaments. These are sacred blossoms—a heart's last glowing ember. They blossom and wilt on the grave.

There was an intoxicating air produced by the strong fragrances; like a mild opiate it drifted through his nostrils. How sleepy he was; how sweet the air; how soft the grass. The warm rays of the sun beamed down on the soldier. His head rested on the soft blades of green, frightening a butterfly from its perch. It lighted on his face for a few split moments and then fluttered after its mate. The soldier was asleep.

Through a spiral of light he fell into a dream of startling vividity. He saw a village burst into flames and muddy steel treads mowing down a screaming mob. He saw red gashes ripping the black sky and a pine grove spurting yellow over the red. A bomb fell near a familiar bridge and wooden splinters flew out of existence. He saw a one-legged man crying before a scene of desolation and destruction. Then, as if peering through a looking glass, he saw the man sleeping by a grave covered with poppies and roses. This man had a rose in his hand, its thorns buried deep in

his wrist. The warm fluid of life trickled down in little rivers from his open veins and mixed with the clover and rich, dark earth; it mixed with the past and future; with dreams and reality. So simple the step to death.

So easy to cross that expanse which links our world to the cosmic endlessness of the universe, as simple as stepping across the bridge between a village and meadow, the river of time passing unobserved below. No longer dreaming, past reality, he sees a bridge facing him, rising out of a vapor of flowers and tender leaves. It is that bridge to his unknown future, about which poets and philosophers have written for thousands of years. Beyond lies the mist through which mortal minds cannot penetrate.

The soldier walks on across it and disappears in a vapor of soft ice-blue, that same familiar feeling returning to him-of the endlessness of time and eternity but three steps away.

In Equity

BARRY S. GOLDSTEIN '61

Leaflets fly
Words speak
Words of glory
But words not meek

Leaflets speak
Words fly
The glory of words
Makes glory die

Words may die
But words not meek
Make glory die
When glories speak.

Words of meek
Set glory on high
For when meek does speak
The leaflets die

Southwest Blues

DANIEL J. BARNETT '62

THE station was about like any other I'd seen, a little more southwesterly than some, but then Trinidad was a straight Southwest small town. A long set of cement steps with a pipe railing led up from the station to the main street, Trinidad Avenue or something. There was an adobe diner right across the street from the steps, with a very tiny picture window and a climbing vine. A few characters were hanging around outside. Besides the travelers cheques I had a buck-fifty in silver in my pockets, so I went in for a bite.

For the first time in two years I ordered Dr. Pepper with my food. It was the first time in two years I had been where you could get it. (Few good things can be said about the South, few more about southern Colorado, but Dr. Pepper is sure one of them). I asked a guy outside if he could explain the address on the envelope. He pointed down Trinidad Ave. and then hit me up for a half a buck, all the change I had from lunch.

The place wasn't hard to find, the first open car lot on the street. Ed Noyes wasn't hard to find either. He was the biggest thing on the lot, 1947 Caddie included.

"You're Ed Noyes," I told him, edging a little doubt into my voice.

"You're the young man Baldy Jones wrote me about." He didn't even try to sound doubtful. "Come all the way from Denver?"

"From New York."

"There ain't no place further'n Denver. In fact, the farthest place in the world as far as we folks in Trinidad are concerned is Albuquerque."

That didn't speak too well of the cars he was selling. "Where's my bike?" I asked.

"Inside where the sun don't beat on it." He hoisted himself up and waddled inside.

I tagged along behind, and my fingers started to itch. I couldn't wait. I had thumbed into Denver hoping to pick up a bike and start my tour of the great Southwest from there. A guy I knew from school, by the name of Baldy Jones, told me he had just the thing for me — a big

black Harley. By the time I got into Denver, eighteen hours behind schedule, Baldy had sold the Harley for quick cash to this guy Ed Noyes in Trinidad.

I stayed with Baldy in Denver for a week, just seeing the sights. We'd get to talking about things and he'd start feeling worse and worse about the Harley. (He had driven it back and forth to school all the time, and then had even come all the way out West on it.) Finally I promised Baldy that I'd go to Trinidad, buy the Harley from Noyes for eight hundred and then, when I finished my tour, sell it back to Baldy for what it cost me, even with another three thousand miles on it.

I told myself all the way down on the train that if the bike was no good, I'd just run it back up to Denver and live with Baldy until he could raise the dough to buy it from me. I'd have to be satisfied with Denver instead of my tour and just chalk the whole deal up to the breaks. I had seen the Harley in New York and ridden it a few times, but a ride from New York to Denver can do a lot to a bike when a guy like Baldy is doing it.

There was the big black Harley all shined up and bright.

"It's not jacked up," I accused him.

"We took it out of mothballs just for you."

"Where are the pack boxes? Baldy told me he got a pair of fiberglass pack boxes before he left New York, and to make sure I wasn't cheated out of them."

"Nine hundred fifty bucks."

"You told Baldy eight. That's all I brought with me."

"It don't run on New Mexico sunshine; you must of brought gas money."

"I need that for me. I don't run on New Mexico sunshine either; I have to buy food."

"Nine hundred."

"Eight fifty, a full tank, and the glass boxes."

"It's yours."

"I want to run her around the block first."

It felt just as big and powerful then as it had the first time; in fact, the engine sounded better. In no time I had roared through town and was heading up the Raton Pass toward New Mexico. I looked over my shoulder into the cut and saw the super-chief go barreling down the tracks toward Trinidad. I stopped the Harley, did a U turn right there on the road that runs through the Raton Pass and headed back to Noyes' place.

As carried away as I was, I recognized that Noyes was darned glad to see me. We passed the papers on the bike in his little office and then right there out in the lot I strapped on the boxes and unpacked my suitcase into them, along with the sleeping bag I had been carrying, rolled under my arm. With a bottle of Dr. Pepper, and without a goodbye, I left Ed Noyes sitting out where the sun could beat on him and went off at fifty miles per.

I wasn't on Route Sixty-four two minutes before I cut loose and did ninety-five up the steep side of the Raton Pass. I pinned the speedometer coming down the other side and roared through Raton at fifty in mid-afternoon. I took a left at Raton and headed east across the prairie, pulling an even ninety without sweat or worry. The air was clean and fast, and

that rumbling Harley engine was just begging to be let wide open.

But I had just ticked the outskirts of Amherst, about five o'clock in the PM, when a cop lit out after me — darned if that cop didn't have a Harley, but his was bigger, so I pulled over. A few minutes later the two of us did a U turn together and headed back into Amherst, doing twenty, right up to the front of the court-house.

I wasn't in there but twenty-five minutes before I come out with my chin whiskers sweeping up the black asphalt sidewalk. The judge had given me thirty days and a hundred dollars. I was dead sure I'd have to sell the bike to cover my fine. I walked over to it and patted the big saddle. The little judge, who was standing next to me, said I could start it for the last time if I wanted.

The big engine kicked over right away and growled with a real low voice. I shut it down and turned to the judge.

"Know anyone who wants to buy a real good bike for a hundred bucks?"

"Sure do."

I sold Baldy's Harley to the judge's boy for one-fifty. I had ten bucks for gas and food, which I wouldn't be needing 'cause the town of Amherst was paying my board, so with the sixty I could spare I went out afterwards and bought me a guitar.

On Souls

MITCHELL GREENHILL

*I have been told that I possess a soul
Within myself, and that in this reside
My good and bad, which back and forth do roll
And pound, as do on rocks the waves in tide;
That furthermore this good and bad have been
With me since birth; that nothing that I do
Can null a native nobleness or sin,
Which seem inseparable from me. — I, too,
Have often thought this way to justify
A wrong, just as a sinner damns his god.
But lately I believe it is my mind
Rules me and what I am and why,
However strong or dumb or meek or odd; —
My thoughts be I and I my thoughts in kind.*

All in Good Time

BY THOMAS A. HEWITT '61

“GENTLEMEN, I believe all of us know why we are gathered here. However, for the benefit of you newspapermen I shall sum up our purpose briefly.”

The speaker, a tall, thin man with thinning gray hair and a neat moustache, gathered some papers, cleared his throat, took a drink of water and began to speak.

“We are here basically to prove that the catastrophe which occurred on July 22, 1960, in Las Vegas, was not only an earthquake and a fire, but also a time-quake. Some scientists who suspected that this had happened began excavating at the site of the Sands Hotel. They thought that possibly some of the objects or perhaps even the singer, who had disappeared from there during the disaster, had been projected back into time and were entombed in the earth of former years.

“Success came fast. An ashtray was found in a level of ground which placed it only about as far back as 1650. When this was found, the work was stepped up to a feverish pace. Several other objects were discovered, the oldest at about 450 B. C. Then, as it is often said in Las Vegas, we ‘hit the jack-pot.’ A few weeks ago the diggers struck the ruin of an ancient dwelling. Inside, a decayed manuscript, written strangely enough in ancient Greek, was found along with some weapons and broken pottery.

“This manuscript, which you see before you on the table, has been translated, and it seems that the author was the leader of a group of women who had become Amazons when they grew tired of waiting for their Greek husbands to return from the walls of Troy. They crossed the Atlantic and probably landed in America on the Texas shore. They traveled across the country and settled in Nevada when it was the garden paradise of yesteryear.

“This may seem strange, even incredible. However, compared to this selection I am about to read from the Amazons’ manuscript, it is nothing. Listen!

“It is now the thirteenth year since we left our homes in Greece. Things were going well this season and we already had

the crops planted when *he* came. We had vowed in the temple of Hera to live without men, but since his arrival our vows are worthless.

“It was just a few weeks ago that Vena found him, hurt and dazed, lying by the west gate. Even though I despise men, I allowed myself to be influenced by the softer-hearted women, and granted permission for him to remain until he was well. I even let him keep the strange wooden object which he clung to as though it were life itself.

“I spent the next two days in my room writing a history of our settlement. Then the next night it happened. I heard shouting and screaming in the courtyard; but, since the women often play games at night, I paid no attention. My attention was gained, however, when a band of women led by Clystra stormed into my chamber.

“Several of them seized me and then Clystra spoke, “We have chosen a new leader. We do not want one who sits in her room and writes foolishly. Now we have a leader who gives us pleasure . . . the stranger.”

“I asked them how he gave them pleasure and they told me I could see for myself. I was released and allowed to go down to the courtyard. When I got down there it was evident that the stranger was still exercising his strange power. He stood on the speakers’ platform, hair all dishevelled. Foreign sounds emitted from his twisted mouth; and, when he stroked the wooden object he had clutched in his hands, it made a sound similar to a bowstring breaking. His hips gyrated in such a way as to give the whole thing the appearance of a fertility rite. It was sickening, horrible, but it drove the women crazy. To my right and left they fainted and screamed.”

“Well,” the chairman continued, “I believe that is proof enough for anyone. I am absolutely certain that the stranger she spoke of is none other than the entertainer who was working at the Sands that night, the former El”

At this point the room was invaded by girls, or women . . . females at any rate.

They charged in through the door, upsetting the chairs and even the large conference table.

"He must have touched these," shouted a straggly bleached-blonde, "or they wouldn't be here."

She spoke of the manuscript, a document priceless to science. Her words set off a chain reaction, and a madcap assault was

made on the valuable sheepskin parchment. In seconds the document was torn to pitiable shreds by the bloodthirsty souvenir hunters.

They left as suddenly as they had come, leaving the room in shambles. The thin, gray-haired man was on his knees, tears welling in his eyes. He raised his face, as if to heaven, and pleaded, "Will they ever change?"

To a Jazz Musician

MITCHELL GREENHILL '62

You, creator,

Who snuff your cigarette butt out

As you trudge into the sudden glare of the corner's light,

Who lift your weary yet expectant body

Onto the frame of a stage,

Who ride the beats of the opening phrase,

Which is the start, and the start of you,

*Who rest on your right leg as your twitching deltoid alone denies the seemed
indifference,*

Who purse your lips to prepare for your Break,

When you are yourself alone,

When you are possessed by the Blowing,

When through the straining sweat you raise your Horn,

Your silv'ry Horn, which mockingly reflects the cocktail glasses and the untouched olives,

Your soaring Horn, which rears to the sky to convey the earth

Which is in you,

And, as if to bring down the wrath of a god

(More likely a Bird, since gods are inventions),

Your seeing Horn,

Embodying you, and the night,

And the infinite, tender, perfections of a leaf

Within its Sound,

Sound which no man will dare understand

For fear of knowing,

But Sound which all men extol as themselves,

Though they listen to you through a toneless ear,

Though their pulses don't pound, but patter,

Though they walk out before your final notes

While wondering whether the baby-sitter is still awake . . .

Play, and I'll listen.

Play, and I'll hear.

The Striper

LEONARD GARDNER '61

IT had been a hot day on the water, but now the wind began to blow in from the ocean. The water, calm and smooth before, was becoming choppy in the late afternoon breeze.

"We'd better head in now, son," the man said. "The water's getting rough and the landing's a good twenty minutes away."

"All right, dad," the boy sighed, giving his line a disinterested tug. "Don't suppose it's any more use here."

Without replying, the father reluctantly began to clean up the tackle left scattered on the bottom of the boat. "The boy's disappointed," he thought, putting some hooks away. "Too bad. He's been looking forward to this for weeks."

Within a few minutes the father had everything put away. He looked up to the bow of the boat where his son was now intently crouched over his rod.

"Come on, Billy, might as well take your line in. We're starting back."

"Oh, okay. But it's funny. I keep getting these bites . . . like something was tugging on the line. There! There it is again!"

"Set the hook, son! Don't let it get away!" his father shouted.

Quickly Billy snapped his rod up to a vertical position and, with the line taut, gave a sharp jerk to set the hook. Then, at almost the same instant, the fish, which before had seemed a dead weight, exploded into life with a lunge that pulled Billy to the side of the boat.

"Release the drag, Billy!" his father yelled. "At the rate he's going, he'll snap off if you don't give him line."

Nervously, Billy's fingers tightened around the chrome-plated drag wheel and eased it into the free-spool position. The pressure off, the fish could now streak

away from the boat, peeling yards off the reel with each powerful lunge.

Reassured by his father's encouragement, Billy was beginning to think more clearly and calmly about what he had to do. Everything he had ever read on playing a fish, all the adventures he had imagined of his fighting a real game fish, now came back to him.

"The first thing," he whispered half to himself, "is apply pressure, just enough, then pump the rod. Let him tire himself out and then pull him in."

Calmly, Billy tightened the drag — not too much, just enough. Then, against the pull of the fish, he slowly raised the rod straight up. He clutched it with both hands, the stout fiber-glass bending over double against the strain. He watched the line melting off the spool and prayed his 150 yards would be enough. Then, when it seemed sure the line would run out, the fish turned.

With renewed fury the fish charged in the opposite direction, trying to spit the hook out as the line built up slack. Frantically, Billy started to reel in line. But the fish was fast, leaving a great belly of slack floating free on the surface of the water. Billy knew that if the fish were ever going to spit the hook out — that is, if the hook were just in his lip or cheek instead of buried in the roof of his mouth — it would happen now. But Billy's luck held as the fish sliced up to the boat, the point of greatest slack, and then, without even slowing down, past the boat and off on another run.

In seconds the fish used up the slack he had created before and was now straining again against the pressure of the rod and the drag. Billy, more prepared for this run than the first, noticed thankfully that, though still strong, the fish was definitely weakened from its initial effort.

This time Billy had the situation under control. He tightened his drag a little and felt the fish slow down against the pressure. He tightened the drag a little more and jerked the rod up to a vertical position, then to the side and back over his shoulder. Then, at last, unable to fight the pressure and the tension any longer, the fish stopped his run, let himself be turned to the side, let himself be led and controlled by the insistent, unyielding line.

Without waiting, Billy quickly began to pump the tired, weakened fish to the side of the boat. Billy had read about pumping and knew what to do. Tightening his drag to the maximum, he rested the rod on the gunwale of the boat, then, when the line was taut, brought it up vertically and down again, quickly reeling in the slack he had made. Repeating this procedure for several minutes, Billy was finally able to bring the fish within a few yards of the boat.

The fish was floating on its side just a few inches below the surface. Its silvery bronze sides, speckled here and there with blood from its gaping gills, heaved rhythmically in a stubborn effort to stay alive.

"What is it, dad — a striper?" Billy asked his father, suddenly remembering he was not alone.

"It's a striper all right," his father answered. "A big one, too. Must go about 20 . . . 25 pounds."

"Gee! You know something, dad . . . its beautiful, *really* beautiful. Just look at it there, gleaming under the water. Why, it would look just like a piece of gold, the way it shines, if it weren't for all that blood on its side."

Billy sat back and let himself relax. For the first time since the fish had hit, he realized how his body ached from the strain, his back, his shoulders, his arms. His face and hands were covered with sweat, and he was still breathing fast. He felt very tired.

"Better get the line in, Billy, before the

fish has a chance to rest," his father advised.

Billy chuckled. "Just catching my breath — guess I almost forgot."

Sluggishly, almost reluctantly, Billy picked up his rod, reeled in a few feet of slack to make the line taut, then casually jerked the rod back to pull the floating fish alongside.

Suddenly, as if in answer to the painful sting of the hook against its sore and bleeding mouth, the fish now sprang back to life with one final, desperate lunge for freedom. Its sleek torpedo-shaped body streaked under the boat, almost tearing the rod from Billy's hands. Then, purposefully, instinctively, the fish turned and headed directly for the dangling anchor rope. Caught by surprise, Billy watched helplessly as the fish swam once, twice, three times around the rope and then, with the line firmly and hopelessly snarled, snapped off with a last great effort.

Billy let the rod fall from his hands and clatter to the bottom of the boat. He still could not believe what had happened. He had fought the fish, fought it well. He had brought it to the side of the boat, just a few feet away. Then, casually, (for wasn't the battle already over?) he had turned to take it in. That's when it made the run, the last furious run . . . under the boat, then twisted, swirled around the anchor rope (why hadn't he thought to take it in?), and finally the snap of the line as it broke off, leaving in its bubbling wake just a faint trace of blood to mark the path.

Billy's father said nothing, just finished preparing the boat for the trip home. Billy listened to the outboard as it hummed and sputtered and pushed the boat along. He felt the spray, cold and salty against his face. He looked out over the water, now growing dark and choppy as night approached, and thought of the fish, resting somewhere on the bottom, its sides heaving in and out, waiting for its wounds to heal and its strength to return.



The Boy Who Batted .000

STANLEY RAFFEL '61

My hand is twisted and gnarled, but when I stare at it I remember the old town and the game and especially one spring.

When the air was warm, the wide streets clean, we played baseball. Denny only played with us once, but because of what happened I remember him better than the others. He was a short, timid-looking boy with frail shoulders and arms; and he wore glasses, the thickest glasses I ever saw. They made him almost laughable.

"Hey, gang, look who's coming! Big man Denny!"

Denny would greet us pleasantly and then sit down and watch us play. For the most part, I ignored him; but occasionally, when a foul tip or wild pitch would land near him, he would not even move out of the way. I think he wanted to play, but he never asked us, just sat there watching.

The spring wore on and Denny kept his seat. One day as a joke:

"Hey, Denny, why don't you be umpire?"

"Oh, could I?"

We all laughed and Denny didn't seem to understand. But after that he kept the idea in his head and nagged us about it before every game. Finally we agreed, and as it turned out he actually wasn't bad. No blinder than any other umpire, we joked, and this time Denny laughed with us.

Every day after that, Denny was the first one on the field. He became our regular umpire.

"Strike three! Yer out!" he would scream with all he had. I always felt a little guilty arguing with him: there seemed to be something wrong somehow, and I felt it and knew that he did, too. But I never let on and maybe we hoped that someday it would be all right.

Towards the end of the spring, Denny appeared only infrequently at our games. It was rumored that Denny had been going to the hospital for something, but nobody knew for certain. When he did come around, he refused to umpire and just sat

quietly on the sidelines. We had gotten to like Denny and were worried about his supposed trips to the hospital. Then, for a period of about three weeks, we didn't see him at all.

After a long game, we sat talking about him.

"What do you think could be wrong?"

"Maybe he just isn't interested anymore." We all doubted that.

"What about the rumors?"

"I don't know. Look, let's do something to cheer the kid up."

"Why don't we let him actually *play* in a game," I suggested and everyone went for the idea.

After all, even if he wasn't a hot-shot ballplayer, he at least deserved a chance.

It was two weeks before we saw him again. It was late and we had stopped playing ball, when Denny came, this time with his mother. He seemed unsteady and we could tell that his mother was leading him. They moved toward us very slowly. His mother was carrying a baseball bat. She had a very sad expression on her face.

Suddenly, Denny yelled from far off, as if he didn't want us to see him.

"Hey, kids, look what I brought you."

His mother raised the baseball bat in the air. I couldn't imagine why he would give it to us, but I said, "Hey, pretty good. Thanks!"

"That's O.K.," he said coming nearer. His mother stayed right with him. Then he yelled, "Say, kids, why don't you hit a couple with the bat for me?"

I was startled. I thought I saw his mother point to her face or something, but I didn't understand.

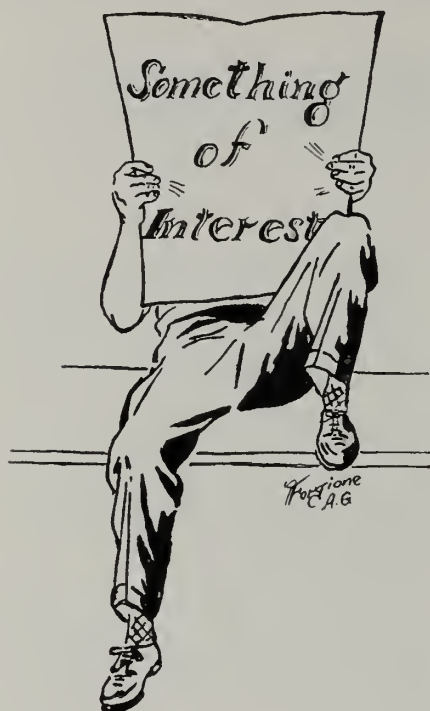
"We can't, Denny," I said.

"Well, why not? Don't you like the bat?"

"No, its a fine bat and we . . ."

"Then why not?"

I shook a little as I said, "It's night, Denny."



STEVEN MYLES ARONSON '61
ROBERT MICHAEL CORRENTI '63

The REGISTER and YEARBOOK have received the Boston University Journalism Award for highest achievement in scholastic editing and publishing. The award was announced by Prof. Robert Baram of the University's School of Public Relations and Communications. He is the director of the N. E. Scholastic Press Assn. which recently held its annual convention at B. U. B. L. S. delegates were editors A. Davidhazy, S. Aronson, and D. Israel; yearbook advisor, John Gearin; and staffers, D. Barnett, S. Raffel, L. Gardner, G. Wilson, D. Lowe, G. Carroll, L. Sullo, D. Norman.

Out of 240 students from Massachusetts receiving scholarships from Harvard University (any class) 1959-60 season, 54 boys were from the Boston Latin School, a fraction of approximately one fourth. Also, two B. L. S. boys received honorary scholarships, given to those who do not need financial aid.

Mr. Boyd Berry of Adams House, Harvard University senior, is presently heading an American Literature discussion group composed of six Latin School seniors. Herbert Allen, Michael DiTullio, Steven Aronson, Gerald Hillman, and John Russo attend the weekly sessions.

The International Supreme Council of the Order of De Molay recently awarded the Representative De Molay Award to Leonard M. Paul, Class I. The award is given for loyalty in the work of the Order, for upholding its ideals, and for developing other outstanding qualities of character which mark an all-around young man.

Student editors David Israel and Steven Aronson attended this year's first *Globe* High School Editor's Conference on October 27. An executive of the nationwide Gallup Poll discussed the national elections in relation to the candidates' policies and popularity. According to the poll at that time, neither candidate had much of an edge in the popular vote.

This summer, Gerald Hillman of Class I received the second place award in the International Key Club Impromptu Essay Contest in Boston. Thirty boys from all parts of the U. S. and Canada submitted essays on the 1960 Kiwanis International Theme, "Freedom Is Up To You."

The Boston Latin School Key Club conducted its annual Vandalism Assembly in observance of Key Club Week. Faculty Adviser Carmine A. Vara and Key Club President and Governor of the New England District John Paul Russo introduced the speakers, Secretary Steven Myles Aronson, Junior James Shoolman, sophomore Edward Jay, and Student Lieutenant Governor Gerald Paul Hillman, who discussed the causes and implications of Juvenile Delinquency, and, in conjunction with Halloween, outlined a four-point program for the prevention of vandalism.

Daniel J. Barnett of Class II has been named a finalist in Jordan Marsh's essay contest ("Italy's Place In the World of Art"), open to juniors and seniors throughout New England. Two winners will spend an all expense-paid week in Italy, as guests of Alitalia Airlines, co-sponsor of the contest.

The first Public Declamation was held on November 18, 1960, before a Class VI audience. The orators were: Class VI — Richard Lee Curtis and Paul Dennis Griffin; Class IV — David Abraham Litwack and Paul Alan Menitoff; Class III — Dana Phillip Gladstone, Edward William Jay, and Kevin Edward Kennedy; Class II — Arthur Michael Finstein; Class I — Steven Myles Aronson, Lee Joseph Dunn, Gerald Paul Hillman, and John Paul Russo.

Outstanding senior Michael V. DiTullio is representing his class at the Boston Rotary

Club every Wednesday; Steven M. Aronson is handling the WBZ sports program and B. L. S. salute, and the Herald-Traveler school and teen items; and John P. Russo is an overseer of the *Yankee*, the official New England Key Club Journal.

Norman C. Zatsky has been appointed Director, Research and Development Division, U. S. Time Corp., at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y. A graduate of Boston Latin and Tufts University, Mr. Zatsky will head the department that carries on the developmental work in the field of precision instrumentation.

The *Record American Sunday Advertiser* recently announced that B. L. S. senior Steven Myles Aronson has received honorable mention in their annual Cub Reporter contest. He was one of the three considered for first prize. Each school in the State area was allowed one participant chosen on the basis of character and writing ability.

The Boston Kiwanis Club regularly plays host to outstanding Key Clubbers at their weekly luncheon-meetings at the Hotel Touraine. This year, juniors Marc Alpert, Nicholas Balasalle, Philip Chadie, Francis Cole, and Marvin Aronson have accompanied our Kiwanian adviser, Mr. Carmine A. Vara; and, on November 17, the paternal Kiwanis Club regaled all senior Key Clubbers with food and drink. Baseball player Sammy White was guest speaker.

Andrew Davidhazy and Steven Aronson represented the Latin School at the Fourth Annual Breakfast Press Conference, held October 26, at the Boston Club. An interesting (e.g. oatmeal with vanilla ice-cream) breakfast was served, and the students met with members of the press from some of Boston's major newspapers. The discussion panel included prominent personalities in the field of sports, television, nutrition, and Armed Services. Newscaster David Rodman served as moderator.

The Dean's List at M. I. T. has more than its share of B. L. S. boys: freshmen Ronald Salamy, David Caldwell, Jay B. Spector, and Alan M. Schindler (The last two matriculated from B. L. S. at the end of their junior years); sophomore Leonard M. Goodman; juniors Richard H. Alpert, Joseph L. Gagan, Arrigo P. Mongini, Harvey A. Singer, and Richard B. Slifka; and seniors Frank H. Covitz, Richard L. Faber, Marvin I. Freedman, John R. Griffin, John C. Kotelly, Jason S. Fox, Cyril M. Pierce, and Michael A. Ruttenberg.

Congratulations to Robert Cunningham, 319, winner of the Fire Department Fire Prevention Essay Contest.

Richard L. Little, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Little of Hyde Park, a graduate of B. L. S. (1960), has been awarded a scholarship to the University of Rochester.

Members of Class I who are semi-finalists in the National Merit Scholarship Program are: James J. Gallivan, Leonard B. Gardner, Stephen Lee Joseph, Harvey G. Klein, Richard L. Klein, Stephen E. Lavidor, Henry W. Mullaney, and Benjamin P. Robinson.

Robert Henry Rubin, B. L. S. '57, has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Bowdoin College and named a James Bowdoin scholar. Francis Sabatine Mancini, B. L. S. '58, has been awarded the Horace Lord Piper Prize and the Bradbury Debating Prize at Bowdoin.

Classes VI and IVB were present at the November 10th exercises commemorating Veterans' Day. The program was directed by Mr. Mark F. Russo, English and Dramatics Department head, Lt. Col. Edward Kelley, and Mr. Michael Famiglietti, Assistant Director of the Music Department. After an appropriate Bible reading, several selections by the band, and the reading of the national message, Herbert B. Allen delivered the Governor's Proclamation. Readings were then given by Steven Myles Aronson, Harvey Gordon Klein, John Paul Russo, and Chairman Gerald Paul Hillman, respectively.

Edmund J. Costello, B. L. S. '60, (former football captain), is the only New Englander on the Princeton freshman football squad.



Through congressman John McCormack, the BLS band has been invited to play at the inauguration of John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the President-Elect of the United States.

The first meeting of the French Club included readings by faculty sponsor Mr. Antonio Giarraputo, who offered selections from "Les Mains Sales" by Jean-Paul Sartre, eminent author of existentialist fiction. Gerald Honingsblum, President, and S. M. Aronson, Secretary, conducted activities in French. Mr. Emmet T. Morrill, French Department Head, was guest.

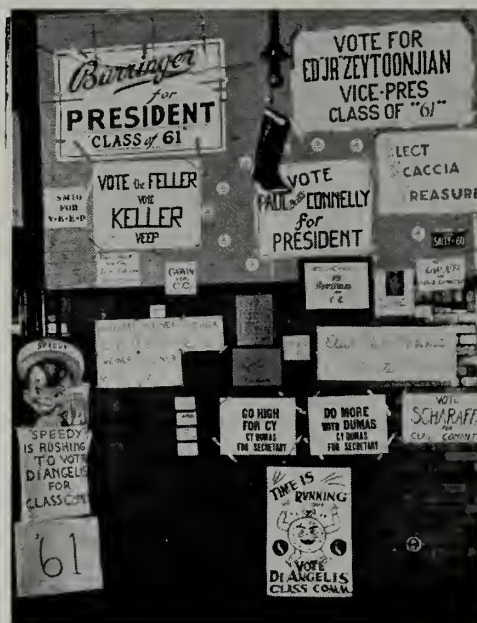
Officers were elected at the first meeting of the B. L. S. National Honor Society Chapter: Harvey G. Klein, President; Stephen E. Lavidor, Vice President; Ethan M. Shevach, Secretary; and Richard D. Finn, Treasurer, will preside during the 1960-61 season. The Society, sponsored by Mr. James H. Locke of 331, stresses service, character, leadership, and scholarship, and at present numbers twenty-six.

Donald R. Friary, '58, is on the Dean's List at Brown University.

The Senior Class wishes to thank Mr. Hopkinson for making arrangements for various college alumni and admissions officers to come to the school.

David S. Helman, '60 has begun his studies as a member of the freshman class at the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland. He will major in history.

On November 4, Diplomatic Recognition of Red China was the theme of a roundtable discussion sponsored by the Debating Club. For the affirmative were Club President John Paul Russo, Harvey Klein, and Walter F. Curran; for the negative were Joseph Gentile, Harvey Rudman, and Herbert Allen. Steven Myles Aronson, Club Vice President, moderated the panel and the subsequent question-answer period.



Congratulations to Paul A. Barringer, who has been elected President of the Senior Class.

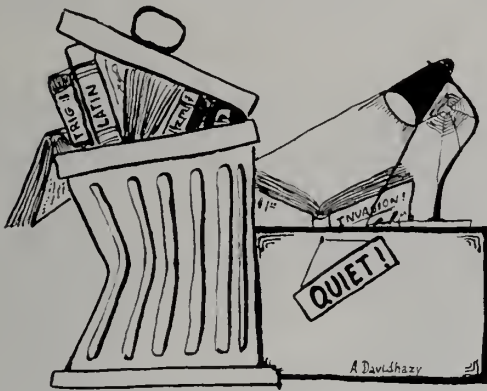
A team of three at Bates College—Robert Solomon '60, Frederick Graham '60 and Edward London '61, gave Boston Latin School third place in the competition for the President's award. Eighty-seven schools competed.

On October 10, the Social Science Club sponsored its first assembly of the year. President Bruce Morse delivered his theme on Citizenship, after which Club Vice President Alan Melad read the Governor's Proclamation. Faculty Adviser Mr. C. K. Avery presided.

The Sun

PAUL MATTICK '62

*shines upon the tow'ring piles
upon the steel-sprung shafts
upon the windowed walls,
shines and sparkles on the gold-drawn
towers,
rises above the brownstone city,
and hides in the mist.*



MONTHLY REVIEW

KENNETH PORTNOY, '61

DRAMATIS PERSONAE*:

Sir Robert la Barbe Bleu¹La Belle Dame sans Merci, Marianne²Le cheval brave, Gruau d'Avoine³

A Play

Sir Robert entre dans la forêt.⁴ Il s'arrête.⁵Il voit Marianne.⁶ Il lui parle.⁷Robert:⁸ Mademoiselle,⁹ la belle dame sans merci,¹⁰ viendrez-vous avec moi?¹¹Marianne:¹² Mais certainement.¹³Gruau d'Avoine:¹⁴ (Il ne parle, il hennit.)¹⁵La Fin¹⁶

* Persons of the Drama. A Latin phrase, borrowed by Shakespeare and others. This author shows no originality in using it.

1. Sir Robert of the blue beard. No evidence points to the fact that this thirteenth century hero, and the hero of the story, who is one and the same person, had a blue beard. In fact, it is recorded that he was completely bald.

2. This is a title of a famous English poem by John Keats. It has no bearing on the drama, but the author thought it would add class to the play. He was wrong, however. Dead wrong. Marianne is her name, obviously.

3. The brave horse, also a worthy horse if the adjective is in another position. His name is Oatmeal (freely translated), a name most uncommon in the history of French horses.

4. Sir Robert enters the forest. This is a play in which many woodland creatures would have been found, if the author had

included them. The author's love of nature is very evident, and he was probably a Boy Scout of the highest order. The only woodland creature in the play proper is the faithful horse Oatmeal.

5. He stops. This line clearly shows the author's great conception of the universe. Who else would stop at this point. The beauty of this line is typical of the author's style.

6. Obviously. She is the only person in the forest. The author is clever in his portrayal of the love interest. Marianne is the same girl of note number two.

7. The next step is to speak. The author cleverly follows the basic pattern for love at first sight, but at the same time keeps his individualism by saying it in a foreign language. As was noted in note one, however, the author has individuality.

8. Robert. The hero of the story.

9. Mademoiselle. Miss. The hero's politeness is shown by his calling her miss.

10. The same gal as in notes numbers two and six. The question arises — how did he know her name? Legend has it that Robert was somewhat of a mystic soothsayer and fortune teller.

11. Robert's unashamed boldness is clearly shown. Up to now, he has been the meek, unassuming type of knight. Now he stands as the man of steel, to use an American vernacular term, and asks Marianne to come with him. Of course, the gentle maid refuses.

12. The same gal of notes numbers two, six, and ten.

13. My goodness. How she surprises us.

14. The trustworthy horse now enters the action. Until now he has been used as a woodland sprite. Here he gets his two cents in, to use another American phrase, and is about to make some earth-shaking comment.

15. Idiots. A horse cannot talk; he can only neigh. How can he make a profound statement if he is a horse?

16. Merci a Dieu. Thank God. This is one of the worst plays ever written. In fact, it is the only play, or any other form of literature, for that matter, by the obscure seventeenth century butcher and tanner, Wolfgang Pierre du Morrissonne.

DICK
83
E

STANEH
WICZ

MIKE
74
T

LEONARD

ED
55
C

BAILEY

PAUL
56
C

CLIFFORD

CHARLIE
22
G

GANDY

PAUL
84
E

BARRINGER

WALTER
CASEY

BACK COACH

ED
LAMBERT

HEAD COACH

FRED
GUMBS

LINE COACH

LEE
DUNN

H. MGR.

HAROLD

ACKERSTEIN

MGR.

J.R.
75
G

ZEYTOONJIAN



WILLIE
44
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WILKINSON

BOB
63
G

WALSH

GEORGE
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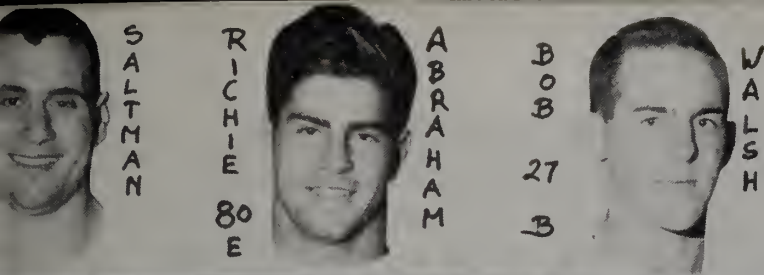
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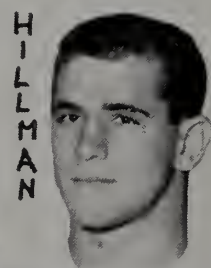
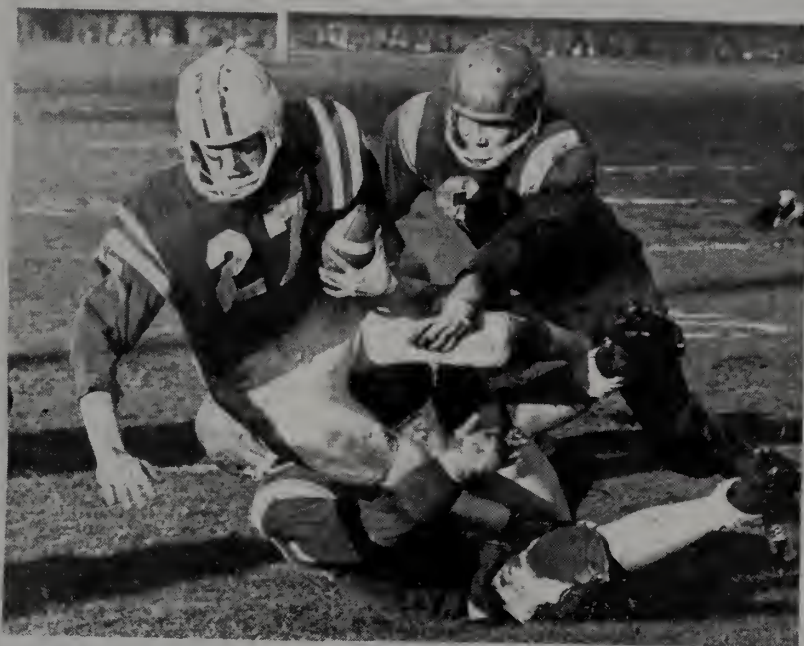
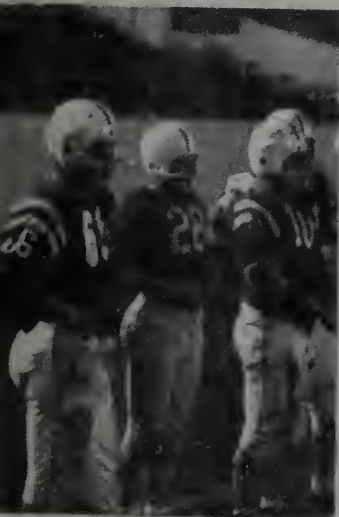
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BARRETT



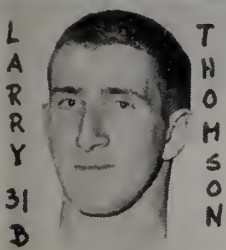
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 A. Davidhazy



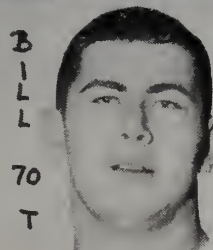
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ERNIE 46
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THOMSON



BILL 70 T

HOLLAND



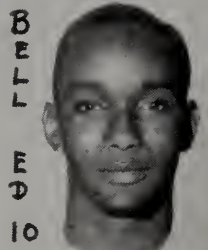
MITCH 20 B

SIKORA



PHIL 64 6

CHADIE



BELL 10 B



Latin vs. Trade

Latin opened its season today by squeaking past a surprisingly formidable Trade team, 12-6. In fact, up until the fourth period, Trade sat in the driver's seat, 6-0; but dogged determination and hustle was the formula in the fourth period, as the Latinites scored two touchdowns. Both advances down field featured the bull rushes of Jerry Hillman and the Purple's fierce line play. Fleet Ernie Caporale scored both T.D.'s on flare passes from quarterback Bob Walsh.

This was Latin's twelfth straight opening-game win and its seventeenth straight victory. Unlike past years, the team has only one starter returning. Fortunately, he is Paul Barringer, our very able Captain.

Lineup

L. E. Barringer	R. E. Abraham
L. T. Holland	R. T. Saltman
L. G. Gandy	Q. B. Walsh
C. Bailey	F. B. Thompson
R. G. Chadie	L. H. B. Caporale
	R. H. B. Dumas

Gridiron Notes

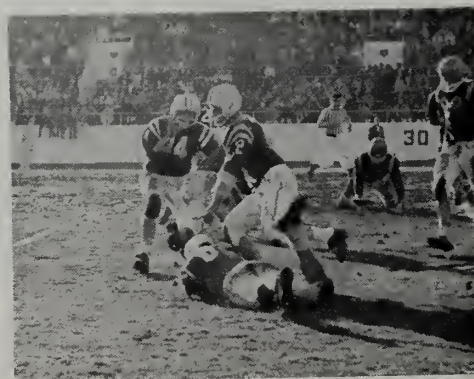
Congratulations to our popular new coach, Ed Lambert, on winning his first game at Latin, and to the entire team on extending its winning streak. Special recognition should be given to fullbacks Larry Thompson and Gerry Hillman. Ed Bailey, our "easy-going" center, wasn't so easy on the Tradesmen. Keep it up!

Latin vs. B. C. High

Today Latin played host to the Eaglets of B. C. High, who scored first, after recovering a Latin fumble on the 15. The conversion was good. Score: B. C., 8—Latin, 0.

After that, neither team could get any sustained offense going until late in the second quarter. After Latin had picked up two quick first downs, Bob Walsh, standing on his own thirty-five, threw to Paul Barringer, who raced to the Eaglets' fourteen. Two plays later, Jerry Hillman went over. Jerry also rushed for two more points. Halftime score, 8-8.

A Purple-White fumble once again provided B. C. with another score. However, the Eagles didn't make the conversion. Midway through the third period, Latin turned the tables and scored after a B. C. fumble on the B. C. 20. Four plays later, Paul Barringer took a Bob-Walsh flip and



raced into the end-zone, thus tying the score. The conversion failed. After three periods: Latin 14, B.C., 14.

The fourth period was evenly contested, with one exception: as the period got underway, B. C. was able to post six more points. Seeing themselves down again, the Latinites started another drive, but time ran out. Final score: B. C. 20 — Latin 14.

Latin vs. Technical

Today, a hot and cold Latin team managed to overcome Tech, 28-20. After receiving the opening kickoff, Tech ran through gaping holes in the Purple's line, but scored in only four plays. The Latinites came back hard to chalk up six points and tie the tilt, when Ernie Caporale scampered forty-five yards around his right end. Tech easily scored again, but Latin relentlessly tallied on a sixteen-yard pass play, Bob Walsh to Jerry Hillman. Half-time score: 12-12.

The third period was scoreless, but in the final period the Latinites got two more T.D.'s. The first march started when tackle Bob Leonard recovered a fumble on the Tech 33; and, four plays later, Jerry Hillman scored for the second time on a two-yard plunge. Ernie Caporale got the two conversion points. Two minutes later, Latin again made its own break when Cy Dumas intercepted a pass at the midfield stripe and returned it sixteen yards. Ed Bell got four yards off tackle, putting the ball on the Tech 32. On the next play, Ernie Caporale scored his second T.D. when he spun around two would-be tacklers at the line of scrimmage, and then outraced the Tech secondary. Two more points were added when Bob Walsh flipped to Dick Stanhewicz, but in the last minutes of the game Tech managed to pile up eight more points. Final score: Latin, 28 — Tech, 20.

Latin vs. Trade

Unlike the first meeting of the two squads, a seat-squirmers, this match held no suspense as Latin overwhelmed a scrappy Trade Eleven, 42-8. Latin impressively recorded its third victory with an all-out team effort. Gerry Hillman, first to register in the scoring docket, did so with two one-yard plunges, for two T.D.'s. Ernie "Bull" Caporale, assisted by Mike Leonard's devastating block, scampered 80 yards for the third marker. A Bob Walsh roll-out pass provided two more points. The



frolics continued on the next series of downs, Trade in possession, when Cy Dumas, who has consistently turned in standout performances as a "corner man," intercepted a Trade pass and returned it to the one. On the next play, Bob Walsh threw to Richie Abraham for the fourth score. The same duo combined for two extra points. Then, as the first half neared its conclusion, Captain Paul Barringer fancy-stepped his way 61 yards for another score. The half-time score read 36-0.

In the second stanza, ubiquitous Cy Duman intercepted another pass, and Joe Barrett went over from the one. Final score: Latin, 42, Trade, 8.

Peaches and Cream

Coach Lambert played his second and third stringers for a good part of the game, thus giving them battle action for future games and seasons.

On one of Latin's many kickoffs, Paul Barringer, who has been converted to guard, and Chuck Gandy, hit a bewildered Trade ball carrier so hard that his helmet flew straight up!

Latin vs. B. C. High

In its second holiday encounter with B. C. High, Latin was beaten 33-12. Latin won the toss and elected to receive. Directed by quarterback Bob Walsh, the Purple marched steadily down to the B. C. High 10, where they were stopped and B. C. took over. After stalling B. C. on the 50, Latin again took charge and this time scored. On a Bob Walsh pass, Jerry Hillman made an electrifying over-the-head catch for a forty-four yard touchdown play; but in the second period B. C. came back with two quick scores.



With a minute remaining in the first half, Ernie Caporale capped an 89-yard march with a three-yard plunge. Somehow, Latin couldn't score again.

Two pass interceptions and a blocked kick set up B. C. High's three touchdown margin in the second half. The second half also featured the weaving, bobbing, bulling runs of Ernie Caporale. On numerous occasions it took three or four Eagles to take down the Purple's elusive halfback. Latin outrushed B. C. High, 219 yards to 102, but the interceptions and blocked kick offset this advantage.

Latin threatened before the gun when it moved to the B. C. two-yard line, but the Purple fumbled, and the Eaglets ran out the clock. Final score: B. C., 33 — Latin, 12.

Lineup

R. E. Abraham	L. T. Leonard
R. T. Saltman	L. E. Stanhewicz
R. G. Gandy	Q. B. Walsh
C. Clifford	R. H. B. Bell
L. G. Barringer	L. H. B. Caporale
F. B. Hillman	

Locker Talk

Although B. C. came out on top, Latin never gave up. Captain Paul Barringer and halfback Ernie Caporale shone for the Purple. It seemed that everytime a B. C. ball carrier hit the turf, it was Paul who slammed him down or at least had a hand in it.

Latin vs. English

Today Latin met English in the seventy-fourth encounter of their ancient rivalry. Latin emerged the victor, 20-16. This third successive win enabled Latin to take the lead for the first time since 1924.

Some 22,000 fans at Harvard Stadium saw Latin overcome an 8 to 0 deficit, and give new head coach Ed Lambert a Thanksgiving Day victory in his first year. After a standoff first period, English recovered a Purple fumble and went for a score in twelve plays. From here to halfway through the fourth period it was all Latin. With a first down on its own 31 at the four-minute mark of the second period, Latin went 69 yards on one play — a down-the-middle pass from Bob Walsh to Ernie Caporale.



Caporale, 180 pounds of spinning, twisting fury, who led both sides in rushing with 82 yards in ten tries, made the catch on the English 34, well beyond the last defender, and streaked over unchallenged. Larry Thompson smashed over for the two extra points that tied the score, 8-8.

Next, Captain Paul Barringer experienced the unexpected thrill of scoring the game's key touchdown on a spectacular 70 yard punt return. That Paul should score was only fitting, for he has spent the season playing guard—where he had been switched when guards were in more of a demand than ends. Paul backed up from his linebacking position, received an Eng-

lish punt, and sped down the right sidelines.

Big Jack Saltman and Mike Leonard contributed the key blocks.

Latin registered its third tally after Ed Bell raced twenty-six yards to the English two. On the next play, Larry Thompson smashed over the Latin third and final T. D. Score: Latin — 20, English — 8.

English scored once more to make the score 20-16. However, defensive ace Joe Barrett, who played both ways very effectively, intercepted his second pass and thwarted the Blue and Blue comeback attempt.

Final score: Latin — 20, English — 16.

Lineup

L. E. Stanhewicz	R. T. Saltman
L. T. Leonard	R. E. Abraham
L. G. Barringer	Q. B. Walsh
C. Clifford	F. B. Thompson
R. G. Gandy	R. H. B. Bell
L. H. B. Caporale	

Wrap Up

This year's team was great because it started out with only one veteran player, but never gave up, although it didn't often get the "breaks." Coaches Lambert, Gumbs, and Casey worked hard and long with the players; in fact, everyone connected with the team deserves credit for producing a fine season.

Soccer

This year's team is a solid combination of returning regulars, mostly defensive players, and promising newcomers. A young, spirited forward line, which is composed entirely of new players and supported by a rugged defense, has been highly effective, despite the illness-absence of captain and goalie Andy Davidhazy.

Thus far, the varsity has a winning season: — four victories to its credit as against two defeats. Team scoring is unusually high with the top honors going to Steve Kruskall (three goals) and John David-





hazy, Paul Sullivan, and Walter Pisarski (two tallies apiece).

The high point of the season was the Roxbury-Latin game, a typical example of the hard play which has characterized this year's team. The first half ended with both teams scoreless. Early in the second half, Steve Kruskall broke the ice with a precise "head" into the far corner of the net. The Latin eleven now controlled the play until Roxbury found their opportunity. A penalty kick, booted toward the goal, was grabbed by Latin goalie Palermo, who was shoved

into the goal by a Roxbury player.

A dispute arose as to whether the ball was frozen or not, but the referee ruled it a goal. Despite vigorous protests from our players, and even though the Roxbury Latin coach felt that it was an illegal score, the referee held to his call.

Latin fought back, but minutes before the final gun Roxbury scored — again on a penalty kick. Final score — Roxbury 2; Latin 1.

Varsity and Junior Varsity Competition

		Latin
Quincy High	0	2
Quincy High (2nd game)	0	2
Medford High	4	1
English High	0	1
Lincoln-Sudbury	0	2
Medford Frosh	2	1
Medford Frosh (2nd game)	0	2
Roxbury Latin	2	1

Track

Cross Country

At the outset of the season, the Purple and White squad was plagued by inexperience, with only three seniors going out for the team; but though the season was not a victorious one, it did produce nearly a dozen new stars.

In the first meet, Latin romped over B.C. High, 16-47. (Unlike all other sports, in Cross Country the lowest score indicates the victor.) Cain Felder, Dave Roche, and Dave Santosuosso copped the first three places.

In the City Meet, the more experienced teams of Tech and English, together with the small but surprising Trade team, overpowered Latin. Encouraging, however,

were the performances of Dave Santosuosso, Larry Picardi, Mark Bellrose, Joe De Rosa, Carl Rice, Andy Razin, Ty Powell, and Al Gurman, all of them sophomores or freshmen, who ran under 16:00.

Dave Roche, our standout junior harrier, placed a very impressive 27 in the State Meet.

Co-Captains: Bill Jennings and Nick Haddad.

Lettermen: Dave Roche, Frank Jesonis, Dave Santosuosso, Larry Picardi, Carl Rice, Joe De Rosa, Andy Razin, Mark Bellerose, Dave Lowery, Alan Gurman, and Ty Powell.

Managers: Mike Levine and Dave Blaugh.

EDITORIALS

AT THE PRESENT time, the Civil Service Commission chooses all government employees, except department heads, cabinet members, and key diplomats, who are appointed by the President. Most of the lesser positions in government service are filled by test-proven personnel, but vital jobs often go to political supporters and campaign contributors, regardless of qualifications.

The State Department has been publicly criticized for assigning ambassadorships to men who are not essentially qualified for them. Within the tossing of political tides, however, career diplomats are sometimes replaced by men, not only unfamiliar with the basic techniques of diplomacy, but also unacquainted with the languages and cultures of foreign countries. As a result, we are sometimes at a serious disadvantage when the highly efficient, specially trained Soviet diplomats vie for the favor of the uncommitted countries.

Our embassy workers are often poorly educated, attracted to the foreign service by the promise of "travel and romance." As representatives of the U. S. in a foreign land, they lack the most elementary knowledge of another country's language and culture. Rather than attempt an understanding of what is strange, they often show disrespect for local customs. In the recent novel *The Ugly American*, U. S. diplomats are depicted as establishing a separate society — arrogant, insensitive, devoid of understanding and humility.

Inadequacies are not confined to the State Department. In 1958, former Federal Communications Commissioner Richard A. Mack quit under fire for allegedly rigging the award of a Miami television channel. When the trial date approached, two court-appointed doctors made a startling announcement: Mack couldn't travel to court because he was an incapacitated alcoholic who had been drinking from one half to one pint of whiskey a day for years.

Former Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson was president of General Motors and a substantial campaign donator. His knowledge of Pontiacs and Chevies was quite profound, but there was a respectable doubt concerning his knowledge of our national security. Under his tutelage there flourished an intra-service rivalry which eventually, in 1956, proved devastating to our space program. In addition, Admiral Rickover's highly successful nuclear submarine program was almost junked under the pressure of certain "battleship" admirals; and though for years Dr. Werner Von Braun had been begging for research appropriations, our space program stagnated in bureaucratic red tape.

Six months ago, Henry Welch, Food and Drug Administration director of the Antibiotics Division, was forced to resign. Senator Estes Kefauver's anti-trust subcommittee uncovered the fact that over the years Welch received 261 thousand dollars from a conflict of interests publishing company. As editor of various medical journals, Welch received payment for plugging certain drugs.

We all remember the recent case of the two American code specialists who defected to Russia. When the story of the defection was published, the Pentagon tried to write the men off as mentally unstable. The Central Intelligence Agency, of Francis Gary Powers' fame, stated that both were known to have severe leftist leanings. But no mention was made as to why they were hired in the first place.

It is clear that such occurrences have no place in a government whose country is fighting for its very existence. We need topnotch, dedicated, well-trained personnel. There is no room for political hacks and dishonest finaglers. Our future is at stake.

IN AN ELECTION year, political parties are prone to refer to their complex policies by a catch-word or phrase that will strike the public ear and impress the uninformed. Complex relationships between the United States and the other nations of the world are often conveniently reduced to a phrase like "tough on Communism," which always makes a good headline. A careless, uninformed voter will usually cast his vote for a party that wants

to be "tough on Communism," assuming, of course, that the other party is "soft on Communism." Likewise, a party may describe its platform as "forward-looking" and "progressive," and the uninformed citizen who lets himself be duped by these labels will probably cast his vote for the "forward-looking" party, believing that the opposite party must be "backward-looking."

It is, of course, impossible to generalize about, or to attach an accurate slogan to, anything as complex as a nation's foreign policy or a party's platform. Politicians realize this, but they also realize that slogans and labels are very powerful tools for persuading and influencing the vast number of Americans who either cannot or will not understand issues. Superficial headline-readers prefer a slogan for every issue and policy, so that they can base their ideas and opinions on oversimplified answers instead of the more trying comprehension of issues.

Thus it is not the politicians but the American people themselves who are to blame for the fact that politicians continue to generalize and oversimplify their policies in order to make news and get votes.

SEVERAL YEARS ago a few experts predicted that eventually Russia and China would be at odds over the vast and undeveloped land in Russian-held Siberia. The population of China is already at a staggering 600 million and is growing at a fantastic rate. With very little land left in China for the expanding population, the logical place for the people to go would be the sparsely populated parts of Asiatic Russia. In an amazingly short span of years, a serious disagreement has arisen between Russia and China, not about the land in Siberia, as was expected, but about a far more serious subject — who should lead the Communist world in its war against the Capitalist nations.

The Chinese lay claim to being the only true Marxists. They say that they have gone farther than the Russians in putting Marx' and Engels' ideas of Communism into practice. They also say that they are the only ones to use the commune system. (Russia tried it in the 1920's but abandoned it as impractical). It is the Chinese who follow literally the teachings of Lenin and Stalin in believing that a war with all non-Communist nations is inevitable. The Chinese say that in preaching co-existence with the West, Russia has deviated from the dogmas of the Communist founding fathers. For these reasons the Chinese, not the Russians, should lead the world Communist revolution.

For the first ten years of its existence, Communist China has had to follow in Russia's path without wavering, for the Chinese were heavily dependent on Soviet machines and technical knowledge with which to effect their own industrial revolution. Now that their industrialization is well under way, the Chinese no longer feel dependent on the Soviet Union. The Chinese Declaration of Independence from Russia has been in the form of several newspaper articles criticizing certain aspects of Russian Communism and stating that the Soviets are somewhat "soft on Capitalism." The result has been a gradual worsening of Russo-Chinese relations. Soviet technicians have been leaving China in large numbers since the ideological war started. Chinese students in Russia have been restricted to the large cities while many have been sent or recalled home. Before this split, the Communist world had presented a united front in its attempt to woo the neutral nations of the world to its side.

Now Russian and Chinese aid is sent separately, and the big Communist powers are even contesting for the support of the other Socialist nations of the world. So far the Soviet Union has managed to keep the upper hand. But the question is — how long can a country of 200 million remain superior to one of 600 million?

We Americans must not overestimate the seriousness of this split. Russia and China are bound to each other by ties of mutual understanding. They have a common goal of world conquest and must eventually realize that discord between them can lead only to defeat. What is more important than their common goal is the fact that they are the only militarily strong Socialist nations in the world. To fight among themselves would leave them an easy prey for the western nations. If they intend to survive in a hostile world, they must cooperate. Where America is concerned, they probably will. As a Soviet diplomat once put it to a Western ambassador; "The only thing we really disagree on is the best way to wipe you out."

Lords & Masters

MR. McCARTHY, who teaches Latin in Room 234, was born in South Boston and lives in Canton. A graduate of Dorchester High, he attended Boston College, where he received his A.B. He then earned his M.Ed. at Boston Teachers' College and further credits at Boston University. During World War II, Mr. McCarthy was an infantry officer and served over four years.

Interviewed about the Latin School curriculum and Latin in particular, Mr. McCarthy remarked: "I do not suggest this course of study for all schools, but for anyone who comes to the Latin School, knowing what he wants, I support it strongly. The study of the Latin language is the study of a culture, and this is extremely important." His general advice: "Learn to unify all your knowledge and to correlate subject matter. Don't put the various branches of learning into separate pigeon-holes."



Correlate Subject Matter



"A qui veut, rien n'est impossible"

MR. EMMET T. MORRILL, new head of the French Department, was born in Brockton, and now resides in Newton. After graduating from Brockton High School, Mr. Morrill received his A.B. at Clark University and his M.A. at Middlebury College. His teaching experience includes posts in the Belmont and Melrose school systems, a year at the Mitchell Military School, the Veterans' School, the University of Caen, where he taught as a Fulbright exchange teacher, Boston Technical High School and finally Boston Latin.

Mr. Morrill was a Classification and Assignment Officer in the Air Transport Command during World War II (1942-46) in India, Burma, and China. A world traveler, he has been to Europe "eight or nine times" — in fact, to every world continent, with the exception of Australia.

His interests include reading, the theater, classical music, and the spectator sports (hockey and wrestling); he is also a professional organist. Mr. Morrill agrees with Anatole France that "learning should be a pleasurable experience," and feels that the Latin School requires a great deal of its pupils and teachers. He has observed, however, that "the boys are more concerned over their marks, than over the knowledge they acquire and the preparation for life that they gain." His advice is in the form of an old French proverb: *La fin couronne l'oeuvre!*



REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

Sept. 8: (Overheard in lunchroom):

Sixie: "Do you serve crabs here?"

Marshall: "We serve anyone; get into line."

Sept. 9: (Overheard in 131):

Fivesie: "Sir, what is a traitor in politics?"

Master: "A traitor is a Democrat who becomes a Republican."

Fivesie: "Then what do we call a Republican who becomes a Democrat?"

Master: "A convert, my boy."

Sept. 12: (Overheard):

Angry Master: "You boys of today want to make entirely too much money. Do you know what I was getting when I got married?"

Twosie: "No sir, and I'll bet you didn't either."

Sept. 13: Notice in bulletin: "Military Science Club meeting in 326 today to discuss the club's main objective; collection of dues."

Sept. 14: Safety Policeman: "In Boston, a man is run over every hour."

Foursie: "Poor guy."

Sept. 15: (Overheard in 306):

Mr. H.: "I'm sorry, Zilch, but I don't believe you're Harvard material."

Zilch: "Daaa, wha makesya say dat, suh?"

Sept. 16: Master: "Where did all our large rocks come from?"

Klotz: "The glaciers brought them down."

Master: "And where are the glaciers now?"

Klotz: "They went back for more rocks?"

Sept. 19: (Overheard in Headmaster's office):

"Young man, I appreciate your nobility; however, I don't think your leaving school will solve our crowded conditions."

Sept. 20: (Overheard in 234):

Master: "If you study these B & I books carefully, half of your work in Virgil will be done . . . yes?"

Kolowski: ". . . could I have TWO please?"

Sept. 21: (Overheard in Math):

"You notice that the dimensions of this curve that oscilates between the toe and the shoulder are the most difficult to compute."

Sept. 26: (Overheard in 304):

Master: "There is nothing wrong with Truman's language. A man should be admired for expressing his beliefs forcefully. — Berestock, recite."

Berestock: "I can't find where the H-- my paper is."

Sept. 27: (Overheard in Forum):

"According to my opinion, in my view, I think . . ."

Sept. 29: "Combat" K.: "Now, Idiotson, if you were in command of a battalion of 4,000 men, and 5,000 Arabs began to attack your left flank, and 7,000 more began to charge your unprotected right flank, what would be your first step?"

Idiotson: "Resignation, sir?"

Oct. 3: Today's beautiful thought:

How peaceful grows the hazy yon,

How myrtle-petaled, though,

For spring hath sprung the cyclotron,

How high browse thou, brown cow?

Oct. 4: (Overheard in 307):

Mr. Garden: "Choose one year, and tell how many tons of coal the U. S. exported that year."

Class Dunce: "1492. None."

Oct. 5: Ye R. R. R. has come to the conclusion that the so-called Music Appreciation Club just does not appreciate really GOOD music, especially such famed classics as those by Presley, Fabian, Dion, et al. Evidence of this lack of appreciation was shown when yours truly, together with his large collection of rock 'n roll records, was thrown bodily out of a meeting.

Oct. 10: (Overheard in the Latin School):
Master: "Jones, translate."

Jones: "Thence he proceeds, carrying a twelve day's march on rafts across the inhabited city."

Master: "Oh, sit down! Next!"

Oct. 11: (Overheard in 303):

Mr. Crowlan: "Gurevich, give a definition of 'integrity'."

Gurevich: "Um . . . ah . . . worthiness."

Mr. Crowlan: "And what does 'worthiness' mean?"

Gurevich: "Integrity?"

Oct. 17: (Overheard in famous history teacher's class):

"Now, boys, you don't have to buy these books for review. Of course, without them you'll flunk, but . . ."

Oct. 19: It is rumored that a certain French master, now retired, is back in the school giving extra credit to the boys who know.

Oct. 20: (Overheard in 304):

Beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your communication possess coalescent consistency and concatenated cogency. Eschew all flatulent garrulity and asinine affectations. Use intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all prolixity and psittaceous vacuity. In other words, be intelligible, think for yourself, and be brief.

Oct. 21: (Overheard in lunchroom):

First: "Why don't you get Johnny a book for Christmas?"

Second: "He already has one."

Oct. 24: (Overheard in 207):

"You see, boys, Hamlet was really suf-

fering from manifestations of a subdivided subconscious, and therefore his actions show clearly that his alter ego had the best of him, when, in this situation, he did Polonius in. In short, boys, he did a flip."

Oct. 25: (Overheard in 223):

Master M.: "You're not a French cadet — you don't take up French."

Boy in 1A: "No, I'm a space cadet."

Master M.: "Yesss, you certainly take up space."

Oct. 26: (Overheard at Dudley)

Senior (to girlfriend): "You know, you ought to go on the stage."

Girlfriend: "Really?"

Senior: "Yeah, it leaves in ten minutes."

Oct. 27: (Overheard in 334):

Master: "Godkin, is this math like anything you had last year?"

Godkin: "Well, sir, I didn't understand last year's work and I don't understand this year's, so I guess they must be similar."

Oct. 28: (Overheard in 326):

"And, gentlemen, if the parachute doesn't open, that is what is known as jumping to a conclusion."

Oct. 31: Twosie: "What's the matter with the car you bought last week?"

Senior: "Everything makes noise but the horn."

Nov. 1: Aggressive Senior: "Do you like boys who are always trying to kiss you, or the other kind?"

Girl: "What other kind?"

— 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10

Nov. 2: Ye R. R. R. suggests that a platform be built in the lunchroom for Mr. L. to see that no one sneaks into the milk or lunch lines.

Nov. 3: "Sir, someone put a moldy loaf of toasted chole, a three pound wedge of Matzoroni Madefatzer cheese, and a stick of dynamite in my desk."

Nov. 4: (Overheard in 312):

Master: "State Pascal's Law, Charlie Brown."

Brown: "Uh, what did you say, sir? Well, uh, it's uh, and furthermore, there's also, of course, but . . . Oh, there's the bell."

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